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Complete,  
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**EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS IN BILLIARD REQUISITES.**

Full-sized French Ash Cues, 2s. 11d., worth 4s. 6d.; Ditto, Spliced, 4s. 6d., worth 8s. 6d.; Ivory Balls, 22s. 6d. per set, worth 50s.; Chalks, 4s. 6d. per gross; Billiard and Semi-Billiard Tables delivered at once; Payments Monthly; Several Second-hand in stock; Illustrated Catalogues post free.—**OWEN'S, 15, Piccadilly, corner of Oldham Street.**

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Floor Cloths (odd lengths) sufficient for Lobbies and Kitchens,  
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Feather Beds, £3. 15s., good quality.

Iron Bedsteads, Brass Rails, 22s. Wove Beds, 12s. 6d. Chest  
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Bedroom Suite, complete, ornamental, 9 guineas.

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Good Accommodation for Gentlemen only.

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**FREE TRADE HALL,**

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10TH.

**DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE**

IN AID OF THE ABOVE FUND,

BY THE MEMBERS OF THE DE TRAFFORD CLUB,

WHEN WILL BE PRODUCED

**“THE LANCASHIRE WEAVER LAD; OR, THE  
LAYROCK OF LANGLEYSIDE.”**

BY BEN BRIERLEY,

In which the Author will sustain his original character of “Joe o' Dick's.”

For further particulars see announcements.

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Open every day from 10 a.m.

Messrs. DANSON & SONS' Magnificent Open-air PICTURE of the VALLEY of  
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Every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday throughout the Season, at dusk.

Military Band of the Gardens Daily from 8 p.m.

Great Zoological Collection, Pleasure Boats and Steamers on the Lakes, Mazes,  
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Admission to the Gardens, 6d. each; 1s. each after 4 p.m.

**THE GRAND PROVINCIAL RESTAURANT**  
MARKET PLACE, ROYAL EXCHANGE, MANCHESTER,

Is Now Open, with First-class Luncheon and Dining Accom-  
modation for 500 Persons.

Two Tables d'Hôte daily—viz., from 1 to 2-30, as per bill of fare, served in dining  
saloon No. 2, 2s. 6d. per head; second Table d'Hôte, from 5-30 to 7-30, including  
wines, 4s. 6d. per head. Dinners à la carte throughout the day. These command-  
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comfort that experience can suggest. First-class Ladies' Accommodation.

**J. CAVARGNA, Proprietor.**

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**THE “EMPIRE” HOTEL,**

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Visitors will find the above hotel, which contains seventy beds, splendid  
commercial and coffee rooms, large bar and billiard-room, one of the most  
comfortable in Manchester. Private sitting and bed rooms en suite.  
Twelve fireproof and other stockrooms. Chop or steak, 1s. 6d.; and  
dinners from 2s., at any hour. Wines and spirits of the first quality.  
All charges strictly moderate. The above hotel is open at all hours of  
the night to receive travellers. An ordinary daily at 1-20—soup, joint,  
pastry, and cheese, 1s. 6d.

**I. MAYER, 105, OLDHAM STREET. N.B.—Bow Window.**

Large assortment on hand, ready to be forwarded to  
any address. Tea, Coffee, and Luncheon Rooms.  
Wines, Ale, Porter, Chops, Steaks, and Sandwiches.  
WEDDING BREAKFASTS AND SUPPERS supplied.

**WEDDING CAKES.**

# THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. II.—No. 98.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1877.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## THE MAYORALTY.

IN little more than a month the gold chain, which Mr. Alderman Heywood has worn so worthily during the festivities of the last few weeks, will be hung around the neck of Mr. Alderman Grundy. It is all settled; he is the coming man; and early in November we shall see him installed in the civic chair as Mayor of Manchester. To many of our readers this announcement will bring surprise and perhaps disappointment, though the expression of either feeling will in no sense be derogatory to the Mayor-elect. There was an idea that Mr. Heywood would be asked to bear a second time the burden of office, partly in recognition of his distinguished services to the town, and partly as a proof of the esteem in which the Corporation hold a man who has been rancorously attacked and shamelessly reviled. It was, indeed, generally felt that the City Council could not do better than ask Mr. Heywood to crown his long and laborious life in the public service by accepting for the third time the position of chief magistrate. But it was not to be; and we are constrained to admit, that from the point of view of the Town Council, "Certes, there is for it reason great." It was not that they loved Mr. Heywood less, or Mr. Grundy more, or that they were indifferent to the deserts of the gentleman who is leaving office, or in the least degree unwilling to express in any other way their admiration of his character or their gratitude for his services. No; the reason was a very different one, and very natural to boot, as we shall try to show.

Manchester, as we suppose all our readers know, offers, in respect to its municipal institutions, a notable illustration of the voluntary principle. London and Liverpool, Bristol and Cardiff, and many other towns, large and small, pay their Mayor an annual salary, wherewith he may keep up the hospitable character of the community he reigns over. Manchester, however, does no such thing. So far from supplying the Mayor with funds, we make him in many ways put his hands in his pocket. Do distinguished visitors come to the town, he, as a rule, must entertain them. Is there any occasion on which Manchester is to be represented in the person of its Mayor, he must do his representative work at his own charge. The Mayoralty, under such conditions, necessarily involves a large outlay of the Mayor's own money. How much this sometimes came to may be guessed from the stories that were told of the expenditure of Mr. Ivie Mackie, and sundry other predecessors of Mr. Alderman Heywood. Thus it came about that, in looking around for a Mayor, the Corporation had generally to ask who had a big house and a comfortable fortune. Now, Manchester is as rich a town as any in the kingdom, and has as large a proportion of rich men in its Council as any other city we know of; but still it has never, under the old system, had many possible Mayors seated around the Council Board. Perhaps our Aldermen and Town Councillors are unusually modest; at all events, most of them did not live in large houses, and were not regarded as men who could afford to dispense three, four, five, or ten thousand pounds, as the case might be. Hence, to come back again to the point, when we got hold of a rich Mayor we usually showed a desire to keep him, and there was, moreover, a disposition on the part of Aldermen and Councillors generally to shirk the onerous and costly office.

This was unfortunate, for more reasons than one. The healthy life of a municipal corporation, just like that of an army, depends upon a steady flow of promotion. New Councillors succeed old ones; there are vacancies in the Aldermanic bench, and Councillors are appointed to the place; and take it with the knowledge that in the ordinary course of things they have a reversionary chance of the Mayoralty. So long as this condition goes on, the vitality of the Corporation is active and vigorous. What it would become in a contrary case may be imagined, if the fancy be allowed to

speculate upon the consequences of having Mayor, Aldermen, and Councillors always, and for ever, the same. We talk about their slowness; sometimes, but in the case we have suggested they would be as torpid as mummies.

We have said that the monetary question comes in to qualify the natural flow of promotion. That was so in the past; but, happily, circumstances have in a very large degree altered the conditions. The new Town Hall serves a double purpose. It gives the town a noble monument, and an eminently useful building; and it helps to solve this knotty problem as to the succession to the Mayoralty. It is no longer necessary, for instance, that the future Mayor should have a capacious mansion. So far as his civic life is concerned, there is nothing that we know of to prevent him from occupying lodgings, except the notion that lodgings are low. Visitors to the hall can hardly have failed to notice at the end of the principal corridor a portal to another part of the building, inscribed "Mayor's Apartments; private." That door leads to a set of rooms no less magnificent in their way than the grand reception-rooms below. There are, in fact, all the adjuncts of a real "mansion house," where notable visitors may be right royally entertained. General Grant and Sir Alexander Cockburn have, so far, been the Mayor's guests in his handsome official residence. That, then, is one difficulty out of the way, and one obstacle removed from the path of members of the Council, whose natural ambition prompts them towards the civic chair. The Aldermen and Councillors, like the shrewd men they are, at once recognised how great a difference the Town Hall made in their position and prospects. The Mayoralty need no longer be, as it has more than once been, sent a begging. When a vacancy occurred there would always now be a fit man willing to fill it. There was no need, therefore, to overburden particular persons with the weight of office, and the Council determined, not by formal resolution, but rather by a tacit understanding, that the principle of rotation, or rather the principle of "Promotion by Merit," should henceforth, as far as possible, be observed. It was for these reasons that Mr. Grundy was asked to serve, and we believe that the same reason governed his consent. Twice before he has been obliged to refuse the honourable invitation. He now finds himself able to accept and at last receive the reward—if that can be considered a reward which involves much hard work—of his twenty years' service in the Corporation.

No more three-year Mayors. Turn and turn about is the new rule, and a very good rule it will be if it be recollected that all rules must have an exception. It would never do to adhere to the method of rotation until it included every member of the Council. There are obvious objections to Mr. Lovat Reade, for example, and he is a type of representative we may always expect to see in the Council of a great city. But if it is now admitted that, subject to necessary exceptions, every member of the Corporation has a right to the civic chair in his turn, one is inclined to ask whether something more than the provision of a "mansion house" will not be expected of the ratepayers of the city. Our Mayors are unsalaried. Is it possible that they can remain so, or ought we to allow them so to remain? All the arguments in favour of paying members of Parliament apply with tenfold force to the payment of Mayors, because they are bound to spend much of their money during their tenure of office. If we make an annual grant to the Mayor, as is done in Liverpool, we enable every meritorious man in the Council, no matter whether he is poor or rich, to share the highest civic honours; but where there is no yearly grant the expenses incidental to the office necessarily exclude all but rich men from taking the dignities and duties. The citizens of Manchester may as well consider and make up their minds upon this matter, for it will inevitably come up for discussion, if not next year, soon after.

## BOTHAM'S WORM CAKES

(Manufactured by Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

## UNPOPULAR SONGS—No. I.

(BY A 'BUS GUARD.)

OH, I'm standin' all day at the back of a 'bus,  
And I'm voted by all a most terrible cuss;  
They says I'm a nuisance, and some I'm a thief,  
And most on 'em wishes I'd come to some grief.  
For from eight in the mornin' till 'leven at night,  
I finds as I never does nothin' that's right.

And the men they all swears they is goin' to complain,  
And to get me the sack, if I does it again,  
Though I'm never quite clear what it is I have done,—  
But I 'spose as they thinks they must bully some one,  
From eight in the mornin' till 'leven at night,  
It's no use what I does, for I does nothin' right.

And the women they glares at me awful, and shrieks  
As they'll soon get me shoved into quod by the beaks,  
If I ventures to ask the full fare for a kid,  
Which they swears isn't six, though he's twelve—at a bid.  
From eight in the mornin' till 'leven at night,  
The women all vows as I does nothin' right.

And they pokes with umbrellers, and digs me with sticks,  
And some on 'em even is handy with kicks;  
For they all seems to think as I'm deaf, or won't hear,  
And won't let 'em get out, if they don't make a stir.  
From eight in the mornin' till 'leven at night,  
I gets no halfpence, but of kicks a good sight.

And it is aggerwatin' when lately you've stopped,  
To find some old woman who wants to be dropped  
Just twenty feet further, and makes as much fuss  
As if she alone owned the whole blessed 'bus.  
Oh, from eight in the mornin' till 'leven at night,  
I never, no never, does nothin' that's right.

They don't think of the 'osses, or case 'em a bit;  
No, they'll have their three-penn'orth, and there they will sit,  
While the team tugs the 'bus on with might and with main,  
And when properly started they stops 'em again.  
And from eight in the mornin' till 'leven at night  
I am so aggerwated that nothin' goes right.

If it's wet they all crowd round the 'bus in the street,  
And raves just like mad if they can't find a seat;  
As if 'twas my fault that no 'bus ever seen  
Would hold about forty when built for nineteen.  
But it's no use to talk, for from mornin' till night  
No guard ever yet could do anythin' right.

When I goes for my fares they gives vent to their spleen,  
Sniffs and grumbles like bears 'cause my hands isn't clean;  
I'd just like to know how they'd manage if they  
Had to work at a stretch fifteen hours in a day.

For guards aint got time scarce to eat, much less wash,  
Though of course kid-glove people will say it's all bosh.

And if, when wet through and half mad with their jaw,  
I lets off the steam by a swear, then, oh law!  
They gets wusser nor ever, and turn up their eyes,  
And says I'm a blaggard of very great size.  
From eight in the mornin' till 'leven at night  
A guard can say nothin' and do nothin' right.

Oh, I stand all the day at the back of a 'bus,  
And I'm bullied and threatened and oftentimes wuss,  
And the public all say, as they go into town,  
That they'd be jolly glad for to see us put down.  
Since from eight in the mornin' till 'leven at night  
We never by chance can do nothin' that's right.

## OUR MARKET REPORT.

WE do not see why the *Jackdaw* should not give its readers the results of its mature consideration of the commercial questions of the day. We know as much about them as any other authority, and we cannot possibly write 'so much nonsense' as those professionally engaged on this branch of literature. The Liverpool market has always displayed a piggish nature, and has steadily gone by the rule of contrary. It is doing so now. Bad trade; short time; strikes and plenty of cotton are the causes of a great demand for the raw material at advancing prices. The Manchester trade exporters are trying to scold Liverpool men into a sense of propriety by attempting to teach them that they should on no account ask higher prices for their cotton till Manchester buyers request them to do so, and, above all things, to remember their position in the mercantile system. They are to learn, and for ever bear in mind, that the proper course of trade is, to wait till they hear that our Indian merchants have bought all the shirtings they want for six months, till the Germans have contracted for their yarn, till spinners have bought their cotton, and then to give notice that on that day week they would ask a sixteenth more for cotton. This has been the staple report for the last ten years in all the Manchester newspapers, and the *Jackdaw* imagines it would save trouble to them, and to their readers, if they would only copy our report, to which they are welcome.

## LIONS AT BELLE VUE.

SURELY of all places of amusement Belle Vue is *facile princeps*—absolutely without a rival. It has attractions of so varied a character that it needs no patronage of great names to secure the attendance of the people. They flock there in their thousands, because they have money's worth for their money. We know of no place in England where the head of a family, his wife and children, can get a more sober and enjoyable day's entertainment than at Belle Vue. On Saturday, however, the day was consecrated to the holy cause of charity, for Messrs. Jennison had promised to give the whole of the proceeds to the Indian Famine Relief Fund. This was to be under the patronage of the Mayor, who, in addition to giving his name, did more—he favoured the entertainment with his presence, and he certainly saw there a sight which cannot easily be forgotten. Passing by the special attraction of the evening, which consisted of a superb representation of the magnificent facade of the New Town Hall, which was unequalled in its way, he saw a vast crowd of well-dressed working people—a sample of the ordinary attendance here—who were bent on the prosecution of pure unadulterated enjoyment. The signal from the central orchestra was surely one of a most unexampled character. We have seen large crowds in daylight in front of a hustings, or by gaslight in a large building like the Free Trade Hall, with uplifted faces, hanging upon the words of one man; but we never saw anything which had so weird an effect as the scene on Saturday night, when the Mayor addressed a few words from the balcony. The blaze of the fireworks was just over, and when the Mayor advanced to the front, every eye in the semi-darkness was thrown upwards, producing a most startling effect. We have seen a similar effect in some of Martin's pictures, but never saw anything so weird-like in reality. The words the Mayor uttered to the vast crowd were well chosen and to the point, and although, as was natural in such a mixed assembly, some were disposed to carp, yet they were soon silenced by the overpowering will of the majority, who cheered the sentiments of the Mayor, especially when he spoke of himself as being a working man, to the echo. Altogether, the proceedings were of a most successful and unique character, and we are glad that the result has been a very handsome addition to the fund. We may add that the gardens and zoological collection were never in better condition, and the commissariat is under such admirable management that there is no fear of visitors falling short of the creature comforts of this life. To those who have not seen the picturesque representation of the siege of Alexinatz, all we can say is go, and they will not return disappointed.

THE De Trafford Club entertainment in the Free Trade Hall on the 10th of next month is being looked forward to with much interest. Mr. Ben Brierley's drama, *The Weaver Lad*, will be produced on the occasion. No doubt a handsome amount will be realised for the Indian Famine Relief Fund.

**WORMALD'S PILLS** are the BEST for all COMPLAINTS of the STOMACH, LIVER, and BOWELS,  
Boxes, 12½d. and 2s. 9d.



## MY PET DAW.

[BY AN OLD BIRD-FANCIER.]

**J**ACKDAWS are strange birds—none so strange in their way, indeed, unless it be magpies—and, though many years intervene, the pet daw which I owned as a boy is often in my thoughts as a man. Jack's original owner, also a lad, was killed by falling from a tree. The bird then took a liking for me; the feeling was reciprocated on my part; and with the consent of all parties he passed into my possession. Every person is apt to think that his pet, whatever it happens to be, is the best of its kind that ever existed. That being so, the reader will not consider me unusual if I affirm that my jackdaw was simply unequalled, let alone unsurpassed. What other birds could do he could do, and a great deal more.

He was certainly a most accomplished and inveterate thief. In that, no doubt, he only resembled all other members of his class. Jack could steal like any Heathen Chinese, and, like that distinguished personage, he thought there was no harm whatever in pilfering. His idea seemed to be that all the blame rested on those who threw temptation in his way by leaving such articles as attracted his notice within his reach. But Jack drew the line somewhere. His moral sense was not gone quite. He never stole anything of mine; nor, so far as I can remember, did he ever carry away anything belonging to my brother, sisters, or most constant companions. But let a stranger cross his path, and Jack, resembling a considerable class among men, would very quickly "take him in," if he only got the ghost of a chance. Any boy or girl "from the country" that commenced to play pranks with him, invariably came off worst. Jack could wait with angelic patience for his chance; but when the moment of his opportunity arrived he acted with all the promptitude and energy of a born hero. He was a great thinker. He could put two and two together as well as any bird, or almost any human being, I ever knew.

Seldom has bird or boy been stronger in his likes and dislikes. Every person in the world who had any comings and goings with Jack were divided by him into two great sections—the one comprising his friends, the other consisting of his enemies. He knew how to hate the latter just as well as he knew how to love the former; and he did both equally well. Whatever Jack did he did with all his might. I myself had shown him a good deal of kindness, especially immediately after the sad death of the lad to whom he first belonged; and the bird's consuming thought by night and by day seemed to be how he could best serve me and please me in return. Wherever I went he went, now hopping by my side, now perched on my head, now following at my heels like a dog, now flying from house to house as I wandered through the streets, or making long flights from tree to tree or wall to wall as I roamed or played in the country. On one occasion he accompanied me to a large sheep fair, and was less put about than one might have expected by the shouting of the shepherds, the barking of the dogs, and the unceasing bustle and din characteristic of this modern Babel.

He was as regular in his attendance at school as I was. In the school itself the teacher put him under a bucket which was ordinarily used as a receptacle for ashes and dust; and, so disposed of, he conducted himself for the most part in an exemplary fashion. The teacher—for he, too, loved the bird; and, therefore, the bird also loved him—used to raise the bucket at stated intervals, whereupon Jack, with his "caw-caw-caws" of gratitude and delight, came hopping to my place in the room, and, seating himself beside me on the form, partook of the frugal meal of crumbs of which I had laid in a stock before leaving home. Thus regaled and replenished, he returned to his berth beneath the bucket without a grumble, or without seriously interfering with the work of the school.

In the playground Jack was a prominent figure; in any bit of innocent devilment which had to be done he was a ringleader. He enjoyed a bit of fun as much as any boy there. His turn for thieving got him and me into sad scrapes now and then; but in a general way his sins were overlooked, and he himself was a great favourite. Occasionally, he caused a good deal of mischief by letting fly at the lad's hands; and some few times, when his temper was thoroughly roused, he dashed himself into their faces with open bill. Combativeness was one of the largest bumps in Jack's head. He was always ready for a fight—it mattered not whether it was with cat, dog, hen, sheep, or human being—and when he did strike, his blows came straight from the shoulder, and seldom missed their mark. When I myself got into trouble on account of his transgressions, and was about to get punished by some lad older and bigger than myself, he never failed to realise the situation and come to

my rescue in time. Seating himself on my shoulders or head, he assumed a fighting attitude at once; and woe to that companion who insisted upon having it out with my pet and me! Jack's strokes were dealt with greater effect, if with less frequency, than mine. Making for the enemy's hands or face, he sometimes inflicted bad wounds; and, although not always coming off scot free himself, he invariably gave as good as he got, and never, to my recollection, issued second best from a single encounter.

There was one day in the week that Jack did not like a bit, and that was Sunday. Things were far too quiet and dead for him on that day. There was little mischief doing, and less fun going on. For one thing, he could not go to Church; and he did not like to be out of my company—he frequently slept in the same bed with me—and he shrank from the bare thought of being left alone. One Sunday, however, having reasoned the question from beginning to end, he turned out on strike. He knew it was Sunday; he knew I was going to Church; he had resolved to accompany me. I took him to school; why, then, should I not take him to Church? He behaved himself at school, and, the master said, was a promising pupil; why, then, should he not conduct himself properly at Church, and get the additional reputation of being a devout worshipper?

All this, and a good deal more besides, Jack had argued with himself. He and I, in fact, had frequently talked the matter over; he chattered, I conversed; he used his "caw-caws;" I used my words; and Jack's "caws" were just as intelligent to me as my words were to him, which, I assure you, is saying a good deal. I often find, as I wind my way through the world, mixing amongst men and birds, that there is much more in the caw of a jackdaw than the speech of a man. This Sunday business, indeed, was the one sore point between us. He had told me so over and over again. Never did a Sunday morning come round when Jack was not gloomy; never did I return from Church without finding Jack angry, bitterly angry, with me. He said he would not stand it. Why, he used to ask, should we stick to each other with mutual pleasure and advantage on the week days, and forsake each other, to his grief and the ruffling of his feathers, on Sundays? His ambition was to be a good, even a religious, bird; but I would not let him. I knew it was inevitable that we must have it out some time.

At last the day arrived, and Jack was in one of those moods when it was dangerous to trifle with him. I informed my father that Jack had made up his mind to go to Church that day. My father laughed at me, and said he had'n't better; he would come to his senses before we started; but, meanwhile, it would be as well to shut him up. All the men in the place could not have caught Jack and locked him up that morning. He was out on the housetops watching his chance. I had refused to help him even when he spoke to me calmly; he would now see what he could do for himself. The hour came for our departure, and Jack started with us, keeping at a respectful and safe distance. Acting on my father's instructions, I ordered him to be off home. He heeded not, the only time that I had ever known him to disobey. When we reached the grounds surrounding the Church, my father said we would stay there a few minutes to see what the bird meant. My father, meanwhile, entered into conversation with a group of men, and I—a little fellow some eight or nine years of age—stood amongst them by my father's side. We had lost sight of Jack for a minute, when he suddenly came hopping along and solemnly took up his position on one of my shoes. My father was getting somewhat nettled. "Let us go into the Church," he said; "surely he won't follow you there." But he did, hopping behind me through the porch and along the aisles towards our pew. So far, so well; but Jack, evidently thinking that he had scored a big victory, and for the moment forgetting himself, commenced to "caw-caw" at the very top of his voice till the whole place rang with the sound. "Take him home," was father's peremptory order, as he turned round on Jack and me. I was off like a shot, Jack pursuing and cawing with might and main.

That was a memorable day for us both. He felt that he had been insulted; he said I did not trust him, and that it was impossible for perfect affection to exist where complete trust was absent. He was ill-natured and nasty the rest of the day. He would scarcely speak to me; he would not let me nurse or stroke him. No one dared to touch him with the naked hand at any time except myself. Whether it was that he took the circumstance too much to heart, I know not; but after this he grew dispirited and lost all his former mirthfulness and wanted "go," and before long he died—died, I fear, of a broken heart. The loss was well nigh more than a boy could bear. I found some consolation under my bereavement in the fact that Jack's funeral was attended by almost every lad in my native village, even by those whom he had robbed and with whom he had fought many a hard battle.

By giving publicity to this true narrative, the *City Jackdaw* will assist the writer to do justice to the memory of one of the most remarkable birds of its own sort.

**WORMALD'S CREAM OINTMENT, FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN, IS TRULY EFFICACIOUS.**

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The *City Jackdaw* has passed into the hands of new Proprietors, and appears now under an entirely new Management. All communications, both for the Editor and Publisher, should be sent to

51, SPEAR STREET, MANCHESTER.

#### AMUSEMENTS.

**A**LEXANDRA HALL, Peter Street, Manchester. TO-NIGHT, the Great Laburnum; Mr. and Mrs. Hemfrey; Mr. W. Woodhead; Miss Maggie Zimmer; Mr. Hiram Travers; Brothers Pool; Miss Maria Balfour; Brothers Seward; and other Artists. MONDAY NEXT, Mr. Fred Wallingford; Brothers Percell; Miss Jenny Renforth; Mr. J. H. Rowan; Miss Bertha Athey; Brothers Poole; Mr. Will Hicks; Mr. Chris. Benson. Prices 6d. and 1s. Opens at 7.

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Admission, 2s.; Wednesday, 1s.

#### WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

**T**HAT there was no mystery about "The Penge Mystery" except in the Daily Press.

That two brothers and two sisters made up their minds, deliberately, slowly, and brutally to starve Harriet Staunton to death.

That woman was at the bottom of this, as she is at the bottom of most, mischief.

That Bishop Vaughan's Pastoral fell like a thunderbolt on Manchester and Salford last Monday.

That Manchester and Salford have been doing terrible penance ever since.

That the great Beer Question is now agitating the Royal Infirmary Board.

That the subject of a new building and better sanitary arrangements is at last thrown into the shade.

That Mr. J. W. Maclure is too delicate to do without beer himself.

That, liking to do unto others as he does unto himself, he has become the champion of the nurses and servants.

That the wine allowance is to be withdrawn from the medical staff.

That the medical staff will thereupon turn out on strike.

That there is considerable dissatisfaction amongst the Manchester police.

That there is a good deal more in the Salford force.

That a screw is loose somewhere, and things might be improved by a little more of promotion by merit in connection with both forces.

That war is always a dangerous game to play at.

That the Russians did not see that on the 24th of April, but they do see it to-day.

That neither Russia nor Turkey will have an army left if things go on much longer as at present.

That the world at large may be none the worse for this.

That you can go from Market Street to Pendleton in half an hour by tram.

That you can go from Market Street to Pendleton in half an hour on foot.

That it takes a tramway car exactly ten minutes to get from Market Street to Bridge Street.

That the same distance can be covered on foot in less than three minutes.

That Mr. W. Aronsberg, J.P., has generously resolved to forgive the *Jackdaw* for all its sins, both of omission and commission, in reference to himself.

That the daily papers said the beautiful commemorative goblet was presented to the Mayor by the Glasscutters' Association.

That—honour to whom honour is due—it was really the gift of the workmen of Messrs. Andrew Ker and Co., Oldham Road.

That there is a good deal of the John William in Vicar Maclure.

That his patronage of the Right Hon. John Bright at Rochdale on Tuesday night was his big brother all over.

That when the Vicar said he hoped to meet Mr. Bright in society occasionally, and see how he carried himself there, the right hon. gentleman was observed to be apparently muttering a hurried but earnest prayer.

That the substance of the prayer was that this hope might never be realised.

#### WHO'LL BUY? WHO'LL BUY?

**I**N 1716 the Earl of Derwentwater lost his head for taking part in the Stuart rebellion of 1715, and all the young nobleman's property passed into the possession of the Crown. Part of that property consisted in some ten Church livings in Northumberland and Cumberland. The Admiralty wishing to convert these into hard cash, they were accordingly offered for sale lately. But, trade being flat, they could not be disposed of, as will be seen from the following letter which has been handed to us for publication:—

"Admiralty, S.W., 21st August, 1877.

"Sir,—I am commanded by My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 16th instant, and to acquaint you that the Greenwich Hospital Livings were offered for sale as directed by Act of Parliament, My Lords having no option but to adopt this course.

"2. I am to add, however, that none of the tenders received have been accepted by My Lords, and that the Livings have therefore not been sold. —I am, sir, your obedient servant,

VERNON LUSHINGTON."

Experience has taught us that these livings are usually bought for weak-minded curates belonging to the upper classes, or for old maids who can only get husbands by marrying, and providing for, hard-up clergymen. But, things being bad in the coal trade and the farming line at present, not one of the tenders was good enough to be accepted. Even the matrimony market is affected in these dull days. But our readers will also note, in connection with this business, that at least some of the Churches of England are national property. The young and handsome Earl of Derwentwater was a Catholic; what was once his—what is still claimed by one of his alleged descendants as hers—is now offered for sale by the Admiralty, acting, we presume, in the name and on behalf of the nation. Perhaps Mr. Touchstone, or the Church Defence Association, will inform us how it comes to pass that the Government, which is supposed to represent the people, can traffic in these livings if they do not belong to the whole of us, Nonconformists as well as Churchmen. Honest men do not generally sell goods, or attempt to sell goods, which are not theirs.

*CIGARS at WITHECOMB'S are the CHOICEST, 3d., 4d., 6d., 9d., 1s., & 2s. 6d. each.*



## HERBERT OF SALFORD AND JAMES OF MANCHESTER.

THE good people of Manchester and Salford are well off in many ways; perhaps in none more than this, that two Bishops live amongst them who are each an ornament to his respective Church, and who each labour in season and out of season for the good of the community. It would be difficult to find two harder-working men than Bishop Fraser and Bishop Vaughan. In the studio, on the platform, and in the pulpit they are ever ready to spend and be spent in any worthy cause. For both of them the public entertains the highest respect, and we believe their lordships cherish generous feelings towards each other. But, although the Bishop's Court is not very far removed from the Bishop's House, and although their lordships often appear on the same platform and speak on behalf of the same object, as regards their views on many subjects, as well as in other respects, they dwell, and walk, and toil wide apart the one from the other. Both are thorough gentlemen—every inch of them; both genuine Christians—each, of course, as is permissible and proper, after his own fashion. But—and here is the root of the difference between them—Herbert of Salford is a priest from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head, while James of Manchester is a man to the very core. The one thinks, speaks, and lives as a priest; the other as a man. And it is this which brings them into collision every now and then, greatly to the delight of many, if also to the edification of few.

We don't know any other two men of eminence who, while so strongly resembling each other as private gentlemen, are so strikingly unlike each other as public Bishops. The Bishop of Manchester is as gentle, and loving, and loveable as Melancthon the Reformer or John the Apostle; the Bishop of Salford is as impetuous in his actions as Peter the Apostle, and fully as sweeping in his language as Jeremiah the Prophet. Instances of this are given to the community at least every month in the year. But it is not necessary for our purpose to search the archives of either Cathedral. To go no further back than Sunday last, we find our local Jeremiah at his old game. It is no easy matter to afford any adequate conception of his important Pastoral in shorter space than that which it originally covered; but we can only do our best. Bishop Vaughan believes, then, that the world is going to the dogs altogether. The miserable moral condition of the civilised world, he says, is every year becoming worse. Men and nations are exhibiting in glaring colours the result of their apostasy. Millions professing Christianity with their lips are little better than whitened sepulchres. The days are evil, and God is angry with mankind. Nations having broken from the centre of unity in faith, worship themselves and gods of their own making. The proud philosophy which was to take the place of the gospel is crumbling into ashes in the hands of its professors. The culture and civilization which, by taking the place of the Church of God, were to open a new era of prosperity and happiness to mankind, are culminating on the Continent in materialism, in tyrannical oppression and wholesale robbery, in fines, incarceration, and exile, in the bitterest persecution for conscience, and for justice sake, and in deadly wars. Men and women who had consecrated their lives to the service of God have been stripped of all their possessions, even of their liberty. Freedom of association, freedom of worship, freedom of speech, even the vaunted freedom of the press, have all perished in the countries where the influence of the new philosophy has taken deepest root. In Europe alone there are eight millions of men trained up by profession to fight and destroy one another. And because the number still falls short, Germany—that morning star of culture and science—and Italy, arising as its satellite, force even the priests of God and the messengers of His peace to enter the ranks of their armies and to carry arms. The nations of light, of peace, and of culture are armed to the teeth; men of genius are absorbed in inventing more and yet more deadly arms of precision, in order to compass a greater and speedier human destruction. Nation after nation engages in wars of ambition, or of conquest, or of revenge. The youngest of them all has already within a century erased from the map of Europe a Catholic kingdom, which now ought to count thirty millions of inhabitants. In less than a century over eleven millions of Catholics have been either impoverished, imprisoned, exiled, and put to death by Russia, or forced by the foulest tyranny into apostasy. And now this same Russia has entered on a religious war in order to instil charity—*forsooth!*—peace, truth, and civilisation into the Turks. And while these are tearing each other to pieces, like bears and wolves or tigers, the details of the carnage are telegraphed all over Europe and America, so that

morning and evening the peoples of the world may read the grim but truthful commentary on the new philosophy, on the new religion of civilisation. At the present moment the nations of Europe are excited and trembling, like bloodhounds in their leashes, ready on the word to fly at each other's throats. Amongst ourselves things are little, if any, better. Is England, asks the Bishop of Salford, presently to fall to pieces, like the Roman Empire, through pride, luxury, materialism, and defiance of the laws of the Creator? The causes for anxiety, he adds, are luxury and immorality in the higher classes, openly tolerated and talked about even among women; the inordinate pursuit of wealth; the living for money and the getting of it through any means by speculators, merchants, traders, and others; the education of the people without religion; the hard, materialistic selfishness that has grown up among employers of labour and operatives.

All this, we feel, reads very much like a chapter from "The Lamentations of Jeremiah;" only, we think Bishop Vaughan has the best of it. His lordship may be right or he may be wrong. With that we don't mean to trouble ourselves, at all events at present. What we want to point out is the fact that Herbert of Salford is almost always as gloomy as James of Manchester is almost always gay, that the former is generally as dreary as the other is generally cheery. If cast in kindred moulds as men, they belong to widely different tribes as ecclesiastics. To Bishop Vaughan the skies are leaden and heavy; to Bishop Fraser they are light and hopeful. The one is certain that humanity is going to the bad; the other is convinced that men are moving upwards and onwards, albeit sometimes slowly and often by vexatiously devious and terribly different paths. According to Herbert, Divine wrath is being poured down upon us; according to James, the Creator loves all men. With the one, the vast bulk of mankind are sure to be damned; with the other, even poor ballet-girls and extortionate cabbies may be pulled all right in the next world. The occupant of the Bishop's House in Salford is our modern Boanerges, ever ready, if not also ever eager, to hurl his crushing ecclesiastical thunderbolts at our devoted heads, all, it must be owned, for our highest good; the occupant of the Bishop's Court in Manchester is our modern Jonah, recoiling from the bare idea of filling men's hearts with terror, and yet not refusing, when necessity requires, to speak the truth, impugn it whose list.

And yet—who would believe it?—these two Bishops, moving in such separate spheres, are sometimes taken the one for the other, and indeed are treated as two single gentlemen rolled into one. We live in enlightened times, and, therefore, little accidents of this kind must occasionally happen. Our contemporary, *The Hornet*, is an interesting enough paper in its way; yet one is now and then tempted to inquire whether any good thing can come out of London? According to *The Hornet*, the Bishop of Manchester has recently bought our Aquarium. "Bishop Vaughan, of Manchester," we read, "has purchased the Aquarium at that city for £6,950, and designs to keep it open as a place of public amusement. With much curiosity does one wait to see what, under his management, will be the extra attractions offered to the laity. Pongo is off to the Continent. Will Mr. Robertson spare Zazel, or can the services of Maraz be secured? Seeing, however, that the Bishop of Cottonopolis did not recently disdain to preach from the stage of its chief theatre to an attentive audience of the poor players, and in his sermon recognise the existence and the use of the stage, we may not unreasonably expect episcopal sanction to dramatic performances in the establishment." In "well-informed" London circles, then, Herbert of Salford and James of Manchester pass muster as one and the same man. Could fame further go?

## A QUESTION.

ENGLAND oft boasts of her bravery,  
And her valiant sons of Mars,  
Or praises, in eulogistic terms,  
Her noble and gallant tars;  
But are these persons Britons,  
Or are they unfeeling logs,  
Who knock men and women down,  
And then kick them with their clogs?

HAGUE'S MINSTRELS are delighting crowded audiences in the Free Trade Hall every night. They richly deserve all the liberal patronage and applause that they receive.

TO SMOKERS: { Mounted Briars, Moerschbaums, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description. } WITHECOMB, 32, VICTORIA-ST., & 66, MARKET-ST.

## LATEST WAR NEWS.

[BY SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH AND "CITY JACKDAW" PRIVATE WIRE.]  
(From our Special Correspondent with the Russians.)

Sistova, Friday, 4 a.m.

**T**HE Russians have at last taken Plevna, as I predicted ten days ago. They now have possession of the town and all the important positions. The Turks are in full retreat. Thousands of dead Turks pollute the air. The Russian loss, notwithstanding the victory, amounts to 100,000 men, killed and wounded. General Skobeloff was wounded, and I myself have several balls in my body. But no matter, so long as I can serve you and myself. Full details later, with a graphic description of the slaughter.

(From our Special Correspondent with the Turkish Army.)

Plevna, Friday, 6 a.m.

The Russians, after dashing themselves with great force against our positions for several days in vain, have at last been finally routed. They are now in full retreat, hotly pursued by the Turks. They have lost, at the lowest estimate, 100,000 men. Our losses are one man killed and one officer slightly wounded. Allah be praised! Send remittance at once.

(From our Correspondent with Neither Army.)

Constantinople, Thursday Night.

The war is almost over. There are no Russians left to fight. General Zimmerman, General Skobeloff, General Gourko, the Czarewitch, the Grand Duke Nicholas, the Czar and their forces have been swept into the Danube, and the horses with their riders are all drowned. There are tremendous rejoicings here. The British Fleet have arrived from Besika Bay, and are wasting tons of powder in honour of this complete Turkish triumph. This is genuine—for once. My information comes from the very highest and most unimpeachable sources.

(From our Special Roaming Commissioner.)

St. Petersburg, Friday Morning.

Special telegrams have just reached the Empress, with the glorious news of glorious victories. Her Imperial Majesty sent for me, and, on presenting myself, she fell on my neck and wept for perfect joy. The Turks in Asia, driven into the Black Sea by the Grand Duke Michael and General Melikoff, have all perished. Hobart Pasha tried to rescue them, but was himself taken prisoner. As for events in European Turkey, Plevna is in our hands. The Turks lost 90,000 men in killed alone. Osman Pasha shot himself rather than surrender. Mehemet Ali has been routed near Tirnova, with fearful slaughter. His army is scattered to the four winds. Baker Pasha is a captive. Suleiman Pasha has capitulated in the Shipka Pass. Our conquering armies have all united, and are now at Adrianople. By Sunday, at the latest, Constantinople will be ours.

(From a Military Correspondent, lately with Baker Pasha.)

Bowdon, Cheshire, Thursday, midnight.

It is as I said it would be. Nothing serious has happened yet; nothing worthy of anything lengthy from your military correspondent. There has been slight skirmishing here and there, and everywhere; nothing more. Baker says he's tired of the whole business. Both armies are afraid to meet each other. I have seen all the opposing hosts. Take my word for it, they are not up to much. Take no notice of sensational telegrams. Put your trust in me. I am on good terms with the different commanders. They give me all the tips. My own opinion is that neither side will win. We are having a good time of it on the whole. Only I am getting rather short of cash, and I have no wish to be blockaded here by poverty during the approaching winter.

(From our Special, lately with the Bashi-Bazouks.)

Salford, Thursday Evening.

The Bashi-Bazouks are having rare times of it. I have lots of capital stories to tell you by-and-by. They have just sent me over to inquire and report as to how such things are done here. I return immediately to Bulgaria, taking back with me one thousand Salford scuttlers, five thousand Bolton wife-kickers, and two million genuine clogs—these handy and popular Lancashire arbitrators. All of these, especially the clogs, will make excellent Bashi-Bazouks. While passing through London, I had enjoyable and encouraging interviews with the editors of the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, both of whom fervently wished us God-speed. Adieu!

## STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

[BY J. W. MACLURE, ESQ.]

**C**OME, gentle friend, now list to me,  
For I'm the Simon Pure;  
A tale of life I'll tell to thee—  
Hear, hear The Big Maclure.

As Tory Chief, I take the lead,  
Although I'm only poor;  
But then I've sense, as well's no creed,  
And—I'm The Big Maclure.

That I'm no Cicero well I know;  
My learning's far from sure;  
Yet no one ever votes me slow—  
No; I'm The Great Maclure.

I weigh some sixteen stones, and more;  
I'd make a rattling Moor;  
Young Tories shout from every door,  
See! See! The Great Maclure.

Now, though the moral may seem queer,  
Yet here's the Perfect Cure:—  
My might and height all spring from beer—  
He likes his beer—Maclure!

## WIND AND WATER.

**H**OW are we to interpret the letter which Mr. Herbert Philips addressed to the *Guardian* the other day? If the writer were not known to most of us as a man thoroughly guileless and incapable of subterfuge, we should feel inclined to call Mr. Philips' letter a disguised counterblast against the Thirlmere scheme. But we discard that supposition at once as a ruse to which Mr. Philips would never stoop; and consequently we must deal with his letter precisely as it stands, and as meaning exactly what it says. What it says in effect is this: Now that the City Council has got into its new quarters, in which there is plenty of elbow-room and space for its mind—as Tennyson calls it, to "orb about;" and now that its mind has conceived an extra water shed of 100 miles in length (which we quite admit is evidence of a large mind), why cannot the Council—at a prudent distance it may be—imitate the New Yorkers in their glorious Central Park, by absorbing at once, as land speculators, many a rood within easy distance from the centre of Manchester, and let the well-to-do classes lease portions of it as building plots for good houses, where there would be no danger whatever of the proximity of mean or unsightly dwellings? Mr. Philips is of opinion that the gradual severance of the better, if not the more fashionable, classes from the masses of the population is not conducive to the common weal. He believes that the encroachments of inferior tenements upon the fresher suburbs is certainly forcing the well-to-do folks still further away; and hence, he desires, the intervention of the City Council to meet this threatened exodus. To him a work of this description appeals with far stronger claims than the Thirlmere scheme; the latter may be postponed, the former is imperative. So let the City Council go in for open spaces, for the sake not only of the poor but of the rich as well.

We have no authority from the Town Clerk to propose the question, but we venture to ask it—*Have the Council power to do anything of the sort?* The main extensions of Manchester during the last five-and-twenty years have consisted of the unsightly property which is pushing the swells into more distant quarters. Houses of the calibre which constitute the Hulme district, for instance, have been tenanted as soon as completed, and in the majority of these the locality has been an object—that is to say, it has been a convenience for the people to nestle not too far away from the business centre of the city. The Hulme suburb—if it may be called a

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suburb in these days—gives lodging-room for thousands of operatives, of warehousemen and clerks, who want to be early at their work, and to run home to their mid-day meal. This rule obtains, though not in an equal degree, all round the same city latitude; and it seems certain that the need for accommodation of the kind will go on increasing. Which is, therefore, the more feasible and sensible plan—that the swells or their poorer fellows should be pushed afar off? Which of the two classes can best afford so to be pushed? Are these open spaces which Mr. Phillips advocates to consist of two or three, or only one? If of only one, where is it to be? The Council, were it to pitch upon any particular side of the city for such a site, would be accused of favouritism; and if it were to select several, of extravagance. One site alone would force the meaner dwellings probably in an unnatural direction; and from that quarter the cry would come, "What are you shoving at?" or "Where are you shoving to?"

It would be, no doubt, a disadvantage to incommode the well-to-do classes if the latter could or would take the opportunity which proximity would give them of communing with their less fortunate neighbours—going in and out amongst them and setting them a good example. But would the dwellers in houses of £100 or more per annum do anything of the kind? We doubt if the better class of dwellings near the Alexandra Park have been a success; and if the New York Central Park were imitated—as it must be—upon a smaller scale, the same nervous and reluctant feeling to be attacked by the "oi polloi" would be manifested. The leasehold on Mr. Phillips' proposed building plots would be immured or hedged off: iron gates would exclude the multitude, and head nurses and governesses would bar their infantile charges from leaping, under heavy penalties and decoyed bread and butter, "the grounds" of the family.

Giving Mr. Phillips, as he most righteously has deserved, every credit for philanthropic thoughtfulness, we cannot see how in this direction the Corporation, even if it had the power, could help him. Still less can we detect the reasonableness of suggesting the postponement of the increased water supply for any land-acquiring project such as that which Mr. Phillips has mapped out. Our present smokiness and closeness are inherent in the nature of large cities, and in a great measure unavoidable. Every family which goes out makes more room for those who stay in the city. It may be taken for granted that those who remain must so remain. They cannot go to the Cumbrian Hills, and therefore the Council purposes to bring one element of those hills to them—the great lustration of pure water. To how great an extent even the present supply from Longenden-dale has helped to mitigate the evils of overcrowding, who shall compute?

It would on every account be a public calamity if men in the position of Mr. Phillips were, on insufficient grounds, to dowsse the Thirlmere scheme in its native cold water. Let the water come in—only keep the gin out. The overcrowding is bad, the over-ginning is very much worse. Mr. Phillips, in his letter, asks, in another form, Mr. Ben Brierley's question, "What are we to do with our poor?" But we say emphatically that our excise statistics must be overhauled before that question can be satisfactorily answered. Open spaces *per se* will never close open mouths and open pockets agape for the filthy brews of the liquor traffic.

### CAWS OF THE WEEK.

**A** WRITER in the Blackpool Herald is ambitious to take rank as a reformer. The subject which he touches is a delicate one. To his cultured eye, the dresses worn by ladies while bathing are not up to the mark. They are not sufficiently attractive looking. "They do that sort of thing better in France," he says, "where, at the fashionable and other less pretentious bathing places, the ladies dress to perfection in all, or most, of the fashionable colours of the period. I can't conceive how it is that so sombre a colour as dark blue should continue so long in vogue as a bathing dress; but I am quite of the opinion that more lively colours would soon become popular amongst our lady-bathers were some of the more strong-minded of the sex to introduce the needed reform. Perhaps retiring English ladies have, however, their own opinions on this subject, thinking, with the poet, that

Where there are none to admire, 'tis useless to excel;  
Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle."

We rather regret that the revising barrister has refused to rank Mr. James V. Orchard, surgeon, amongst the electors of the Borough of Salford. Mr. Orchard, it seems, claimed as a lodger in respect of premises which he occupies in the Workhouse; but the claim fell to the ground, inasmuch as the claimant is compelled to live where he does. It is too bad, surely, that everybody connected with a Workhouse should be disfranchised.

It is pleasing to note how much is being done throughout the country on behalf of the sufferers from the famine in India. Manchester and Salford are playing their part nobly. Every facility is being afforded for people paying their contributions, however small. Few can pass St. Ann's Church without throwing in their mite. The religious bodies are also rising equal to the occasion. Appeals like the following are being distributed in connection with various places of worship:—"Already above 500,000 of our fellow-subjects—a number equal to the population of Manchester—have died from starvation, and it is estimated by competent authorities, that unless abundant help be sent quickly, two millions will have to meet an awful death. The scenes of suffering are terrible and heartrending; indeed, the reports that reach us are so dreadful that, were they not well authenticated, they would be incredible. The Editor of the leading newspaper of Madras, writing to the London Times, states that a gentleman known to him, in passing through a certain district in Madras, counted 29 dead bodies on the road; another gentleman, seeking shelter from rain in a hut, found six decomposing corpses in it. Infants at the breast are dying of hunger; and on any day and every day mothers may be seen in the streets of Madras offering children for sale. Further, no camp of 3,000 rises morning after morning without leaving 30 corpses. Altogether, 20,000,000 people are more or less dependent upon outside help. This is not a case to be dealt with in a half-hearted manner, but requires that everyone should help—the rich man with his hundred pounds and the poor man with his shilling—and that right quickly. Special services will be held on Sunday, when you will be afforded an opportunity of contributing your share towards the support of the poor creatures who are suffering under this dire calamity. All seats will be free and unappropriated, and we shall be glad to see you morning, noon, and night." This example is worthy of general imitation.

The Rev. W. J. Knox-Little, M.A., is going to be at it again. That is he is about to make another appearance in the Cathedral. On the evening of Tuesday next, he is announced to conduct a service chiefly in the interests of the working classes, who are asked, if they prefer to do so, to attend in their working clothes. We wish him a good congregation and every success.

The work of reform at the Royal Infirmary is being prosecuted with a vengeance. If the sheds still remain an ornament to the City, the beer-barrels, at least, are to be cast out of the cellars. Mr. Maclure, true to his colours, opposes this change tooth and nail. He even hints that the beer-barrel is as great a support to the Infirmary as it is to the Throne, and that neither the one nor the other can get on without it. Our local Conservative leader informs us, with his accustomed frankness, that he himself could not survive without his beer. Had he been as well up in classic poetry as he is in French and the other "dead languages," he would have used the well-known lines of the poet and exclaimed—

"I wish I were a brewer's horse

For twelve months in the year;

I'd turn my head where my tail should be,

And drink up all the beer."

Backed up by Messrs. Hodgson and Maclure, a revolt may be looked for among the nurses and servants. It is only too evident that they would rather have as much beer as they can drink than the £2 annual allowance. Out of the 83 nurses and servants employed in the place, only 23, or about a fourth, have agreed to the change. Mr. Maclure's example has told a tale at the Infirmary.

ADVERTISEMENTS keep finding their way into the pages of the daily papers which no fellow can understand. Here, for example, is one taken from the Agony Column of Wednesday's Examiner:—

**W**ANTED, Master Upholsterers to go away from Manchester this week while their men are upholstering for themselves at night.



We are sorry to hear that the Caledonian Association of Manchester and district is in deep waters. By the recent Scottish Festival at Manley Park a sum of £200 was lost. It was the weather that played the deuce with the sports; but surely our local Scotchmen wont succumb to a Scotch mist.

At a time when the echoes of the choros of praise which an admiring constituency had chanted in his honour were still audible, when the sight of the tens of thousands of tolling artisans assembled to do him homage and approve his work was still, as it were, before our eyes—at such a time the Mayor's detractors,—their lips closed during the general rejoicings for fear of the howl of execration which otherwise would have followed their disgraceful action, and their wrath and envy excited by the universal manifestations of esteem and respect for the man whom they had hoped to crush,—have again lifted their shameless heads and repeated their calumnies. We readily acquit Mr. Watson and his select circle of Tory friends, who directed the intrigues which kept the Queen away, of immediate complicity in this latest scandal; but he and they are, nevertheless, remotely responsible for it. There is an opinion pretty widely held that Turkey will have a great deal of trouble in again dispersing the hordes of scoundrels which she has raised in her extremities; and it may be that the original movers in this matter are unable now to quiet their Bashi-Bazouks. That the same subordinate hands have been at work lately as were most active before is quite well known, but probably the latest production is a little move of their own. They must not imagine that we are not cognisant of all their actions and objects. But, after all it does not matter very much what they do or say.

Our unfortunate Bishop has to put up with much. Perhaps nothing pains him more than the manner in which his utterances are often placed before the public. On Sunday he preached a sermon in the Cathedral on Christian unity. The *Courier*, in reporting the discourse, gave the following intelligent summary of a part of it:—"But when men began to define and speculate, and discriminate and develop the faith, there was soon an end to that bond of spirit and unity; and so in this process of development of doctrine they had got so far—and they did not know whether they had yet reached the furthest point of modern development—that they were taught to believe, if they complied with the claims of the Bishop of Rome, in the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary, and in the infallibility in matters of faith and morals of him who claimed to sit in St. Peter's chair. Peter, who once withstood the faith because he thought he was alone, was succeeded in the 19th century by one who proclaimed himself infallible in matters of faith and morals." Poor Peter! Poor Frazer! What frightful sins these *Courier* printers have to answer for! It is a satisfaction to know that there are a good many of them, and that their shoulders are broad. But we do beseech them not to present us with a jumble like the above oftener than they can help.

#### DR. POLLIE'S DONKEY.

I HAVE recently migrated to a new neighbourhood, and would like to make my readers acquainted with some of my new neighbours. Our house is in a secluded spot in one of the great suburbs formerly embowered in trees with large gardens, now being invaded by serried troops of cottages marching like infantry to occupy the ground. As luck would have it, the cottage infantry has not been able to surround my plot, which still contains fields and hedge rows and ancient ivies, gallantly bearing witness in the midst of an evil architectural generation to the more æsthetic tastes of our fathers. "Could you oblige us with a name?" whispers the curious reader. By all means—name of my residence—"Piscator's Delight," so called from the proprietor—the kingfisher—who flits about the neighbourhood phosphorescently, and is as balmy and airy as rents can render him. Coming from the wilds of Cheshire into what is called town, I thought I had abandoned rural accessories, such as the early village cock, et cetera. I was never more mistaken in my life. There is a residential cock in the paddock near "Piscator's Delight," much earlier than any village cock in the world, and apter to anticipate the dawn by long drawn demon noises of a strikingly novel character.

I have never seen this Chanticleer myself, but Mrs. Hosentrüg, my wife (we are of German extraction, as the name implies, though English by birth), assures me that she cannot be mistaken on a topic of this

nature, otherwise I would never have believed that any ordinarily constructed bird could produce a sound as of empty beer-barrels rolling on an exhausted piano. The first time I heard this devil incarnate I thought it was a female in distress being administered to by her husband's clogs;—anon I thought of cats—alternately love-lorn and spitefiery—making morn hideous. But Mrs. Hosentrüg stuck to the early villager, and I had to give in. I have heard no sound of hens—their pleasant clucking and incubatory announcements have never yet greeted these ears; so I suppose the early villager is not a married man. Why he does not run away I cannot understand.

But I did not take up my pen to discourse of this maddening cock—I throw him in as a prelude to a quite important individual, the gentleman whose name stands at the head of this paper—*Dr. Pollie's Donkey*. At even this new neighbour I have not yet had a thorough good look. I have seen his ears over the doctor's wooden pailings, but never arrived at his nose. His ears, however, were very expressive, and moved backwards and forwards like those of a pointer at this season of mangold and turnips. Clearly he was aware that I was a new arrival, and that it behoved him to be on his guard. I have found out that his baptismal name is *Abdel Kader*—masculine gender—vocative case. That he is a ventriloquist of no common order cannot for an instant be doubted, as it will be my pleasing duty to endeavour to point out in the sequel. He is not a young donkey as donkey's go. I should give him a wide birth, say about the time of the Crimean war; that is, judging from his mellow tones. On the first morning after our arrival, he wielded his orchestral baton by a noise which led me to believe that he was unscrewing his heart, and that the nut of the screw nearest that organ had a difficult loosening. He began with a creaking, grating sound in the thorax, followed at a short interval by a splash, as if a walrus was jetting water into the atmosphere; this in its turn was followed by a sigh, deep drawn, as if he had lost his half-brother George, and would never view him more. By a gentle nudge on the ample back of Mrs. Hosentrüg, I endeavoured to arouse her, though it was scarcely yet daylight, to a sense of the situation, remarking that this game with Dr. Pollie's Donkey was all included in the rent, and would not be charged as an extra. That admirable woman instantly responded to my appeal; and, although aroused from a refreshing slumber, was not injurious. At that moment 'del-Kader shook the premises by a howling roar, so fierce and protracted that we both gave ourselves up as lost. No Nubian lion that ever was kitted could surpass the subdued ferocity of that roar. "That—is—no—donkey," said my wife, in tremulous tones. "My dear," I rejoined, "be calm; dubiety is excusable under the circumstances; would you mind just peeping through the Venetian blind and establishing the absence of mechanic or grindelstones? We live under the protection of a sedulous police, the head of which is a personal friend of my own; put a generous interpretation upon the doings of this donkey—and, above all, look and see if a donkey it is."

So importuned, Mrs. Hosentrüg pept, as the saying is, cautiously through the blinds, remarking that she saw nothing in the field. She then—not to miss a point—looked up into an elm tree, as if there was a strong probability of Abdel Kader being there in the guise of a starling; but the quest was unsuccessful; so the courageous naturalist returned to bed. What time the donkey recommenced the unscrewing of his heart in a minor key well culled with rust. But if he were not a doctor's donkey nothing would prevent me from impounding the beast. We have several physicians of eminence in the neighbourhood, but I cannot believe that he is a joint-stock donkey; and I am prepared to make oath that he is by no means "limited." Adieu!

THE THEATRES.—It is a pleasure to record that the magnificent production of *Henry the Eighth* at the Royal continues to attract crowded houses nightly. A special morning performance is announced for tomorrow week in behalf of the Indian Famine Fund. *Jo*, as played by Mr. J. P. Burnett's capital company, holds the boards at the Prince's, with Miss Jennie Lee in the leading part. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal appear next week in that most enjoyable comedy, *A Scrap of Paper*. The Queen's is strong this week with Rose Hersee's Opera Company. Large houses assemble each evening. This important engagement extends over another week.

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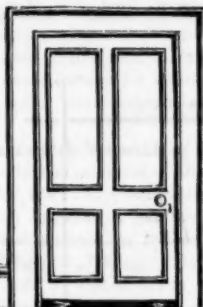
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Manchester (London Road), 9-20 a.m.; Stalybridge, 9-40 a.m.; Ashton (M.S. & L.), 8-44 a.m.; Guide Bridge, 9-34 a.m.; Hyde, 8-39 a.m.; Woodley, 9-44 a.m.; Marple, 9-52 a.m.; Hayfield 8-30 a.m.; New Mills, 10-0 a.m.; Chapel-en-le-Frith, 10-17 a.m.; Buxton, 10-20 a.m.; London (St. Pancras), arrive about 4-20 p.m.

Returning from St. Pancras Station on FRIDAY, Oct. 5th, at 10-5 a.m., and Kentish Town at 10-10 a.m., and the Tickets will be available for returning by this Train only.

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JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.

Derby, September, 1877.

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The Return Train will leave Nottingham (Midland Station) at 7-45 p.m. SAME DAY, and at 5-45 p.m. on WEDNESDAY, Oct. 3rd, THURSDAY, Oct. 4th, or FRIDAY, Oct. 5th, and the Tickets will be available by these Trains only.

Passengers intending to return from Nottingham on Thursday or Friday are requested to take Tickets accordingly.

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